

Chocolate Donuts

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Chocolate Donuts

by [toomanyfandomsuhoh](#)

Summary

AU where Peter and Tony haven't met yet and Peter is homeless.

Oneshot of Peter Parker battling with his inner conscience when craving food. Will he resort to theft?

Notes

Hi :) This is my first ever fan fiction!!!

Also, I was really craving chocolate donuts.

Not my best, but hey, I wrote this in like 30 mins. Enjoy :)

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Might even spin this into a series if there's positive feedback :)

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The night was cold.

I shivered, wrapping the thoroughly soaked jacket tighter around my body. I curled up as tight as I could, a vain attempt to keep in the body heat. The wind blew unforgivingly over my back as I felt

goosebumps forming on my arms. A rumble. I groaned. I couldn't remember the last time I ate a full meal. It has become a routine, sleeping semi-permanently in an alley a few streets away from the soup kitchen. But I haven't been there ever since I've seen a worker at child services there. I've lost count of the days I've spent there, didn't bother counting after day 3 on the streets. Counting the days just meant more despair and less hope.

God, I'm starving. My stomach feels so hollow it is as if someone had carved out all my insides and left me a shell.

Followed by the reminder of hunger was sudden tiredness. Tiredness was I could feel all day. I'm so drained from having my hopes up. from wishing for food, for a decent bed, from having faith... Those never come true. I'm just tired of trying.

Just as I was about to blink away tears and fall into an uneasy sleep, I perked up, a waft of breeze bringing the smell of food. It smelled amazing. My eyes shut as I submerged myself into the heavenly scent of warm bread. A tiny part of me knew that it was impossible for me to get my hands on the food. Yet crazed by hunger, I fell to the traps of hope, indulging myself desperately in the scent. Was it donuts? I stood up using every ounce of what energy left in me, blindly following the smell to a donut shop. I can't even remember the last time I had a donut and did not want to know when. For all that knowledge only brought more tears, if those weren't frozen up by the gusts of wind across my face as I walked now.

I edged closer to the shop. The food looked fantastic. Saliva gathered in my mouth as I pressed my hand longingly to the display window, eyes glazed over.

Maybe if I just took one, they would never notice...

No! How could I ever think of that! I'm Spiderman! Thieves and robbers are supposed to be the bane of my existence! I could never. *Could I?* Yet a smaller voice in the back of my head persisted. *But, I really am hungry, maybe just this once... They won't even notice!* With the spider powers, I'm quick enough to get away with ease!

As I battled in inner turmoil, I unconsciously tiptoed closer to the store. A waft of rich chocolate aroma filled the air. I gulped as the rest of my weakening resolve disappeared.

I quickly darted into a dark corner of the store. My spider senses were pulsing slowly in the back of my head. I inched closer to the glass shelves displaying rows of mouth-watering donuts. My hand slowly reaching out, fingers curling and uncurling as I battled away the last inner protests. With a single deep breath, my fingers darted out and I snatched a donut. The senses flared to life, blaring danger in my head as I felt the cashier's gaze upon me. Without thinking, I sprinted out of the store, hand clutching the donut tightly, leaving the cries of the outraged shopkeeper behind.

I ran and ran, as if escaping from thoughts of remorse, hand still grasping the donut in a death grip, unaware of the melting of the chocolate. The fresh air filled my lungs as I took in every breath with my heaving chest. Without looking back, I sprinted until my legs burnt and every step became more slugged. As I reached the end of the road, I slowed down, slightly panting as the adrenaline died down. I stared at the slightly melted donut in my hand, hunger and desire deep in my eyes. I wolfed on it, eating as if there was no tomorrow. The taste of rich chocolate and bread filled my mouth as I took bite after bite. I closed my eyes, hoping to still the movement of time and salvage this moment.

I opened my eyes slowly after a moment that seemed like mere seconds and whole hours. Gazing at my chocolate-stained hands, I felt guilt settle deep in my stomach. A tear fell on the sidewalk, then another. I had broken what made me Spiderman.

Remorse and guilt swirled inside of me as I aimlessly walked on the sidewalk, never noticing a Ferrari slowly creeping down the road and the billionaire inside.

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